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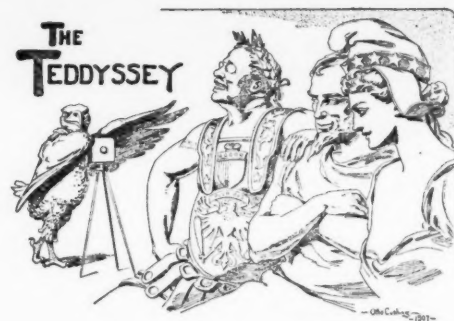
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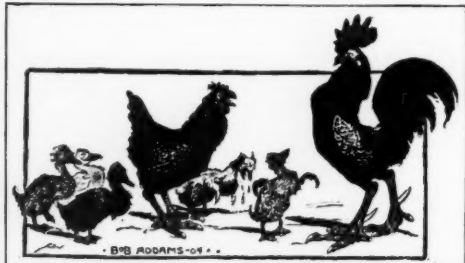
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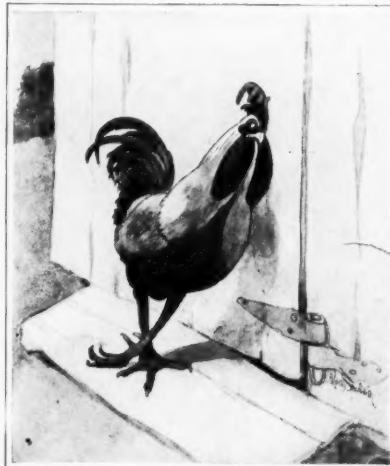


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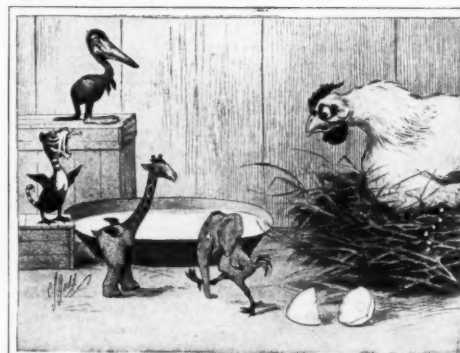
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"GREAT SCOTT, MOTHER! WHAT'S THIS?"

"I SET ON A TACK, HENRY, DEAR."
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"Honey Fitz"

THE successes of the Irish emigrant and his sons in Boston have aroused *Collier's Weekly*. Its editor, studying our city with discriminating glasses from behind his editorial desk in New York, is annoyed by what the Irish-Americans have attained in this, the great Puritan city of the United States. . . . It will be a difficult job for the editor of *Collier's*, or any other editor or association or mischief-makers to rekindle here in peaceful Boston class prejudice or religious bigotry.—*From the Republic.*

Worthless Testimony

AMONG the stories in "Pages from an Adventurous Life," by Mr. J. E. Preston-Muddock, is one that Lord Alverstone was wont to tell with appreciation. In a post-office prosecution at Hertford assizes a clever Irish barrister appeared for the defendant, who was a poor letter-carrier guilty of some irregularity. Among the witnesses was Anthony Trollope, then a government post-office inspector. After he had given his testimony he was handed over to the lawyer for the defense for cross-examination.

"What are you?" demanded the keen Irishman, in a severe and commanding tone, sonorous with a rich brogue.

"An official in the post-office," answered Trollope, somewhat astonished by the lawyer's brusqueness.

"Anything else?" demanded the cross-examiner, with a snap.

"Yes; an author." This a little proudly.

"What is the name of your last book?"

"Barchester Towers."

"Now tell me, is there a word of truth in that book?"

"Well, it is what is generally called a work of fiction."

"Fiction!" with a scornful curl of the lip. "Fiction! That is to say, there isn't a word of truth in it from beginning to end?"

"I—I am afraid, if you put it that way, there isn't," stammered Trollope, in an embarrassed way.

With a triumphant air the lawyer turned to the jury:

"Gentlemen," he exclaimed, "how can you possibly convict a man on the evidence of a witness like this, who here in this court of justice unblushingly confesses that he has written a book in which there is not one word of truth!"

Trollope had fallen squarely into the pit dugged for him by his unscrupulous cross-examiner.

Angry Adjectives

IT WAS not a young woman novelist, but Charles Sumner, of whom the late E. L. Godkin, the New York editor, said:

"He works his adjectives so hard that if they ever catch him alone they will murder him."—*Youth's Companion.*

"JULIA'S wedding was right up to date."
"In what way?"

"All her presents were clearing house certificates."
—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

COLLIER, Peter Fennell, publisher, born CARLOW, IRELAND, educated at Mt. St. Mary's College, Cincinnati, founder and publisher of *Collier's Weekly* and president P. F. Collier & Sons. Clubs: Metropolitan, Riding, Country, CATHOLIC, Meadow Brook, Hunting, Rockaway, City, Turf and Field.—*From Who's Who.*



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(Founded 1715)

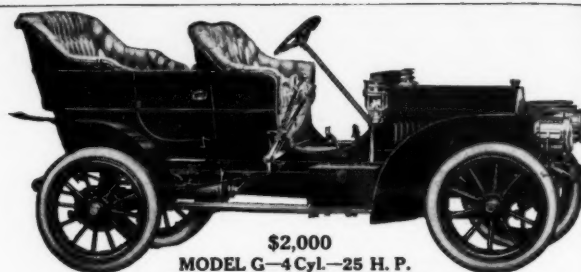


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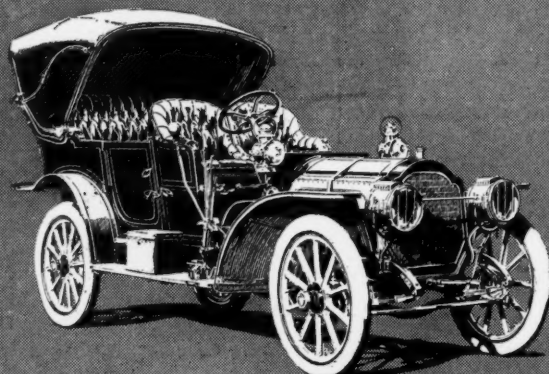
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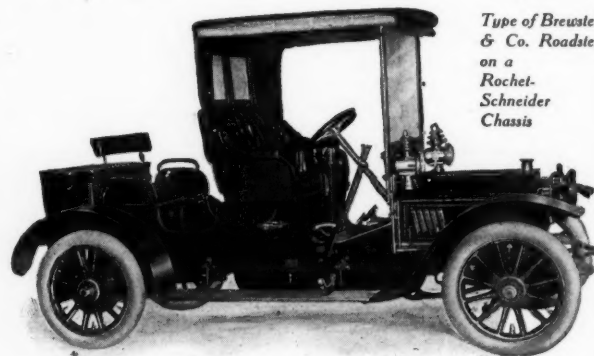
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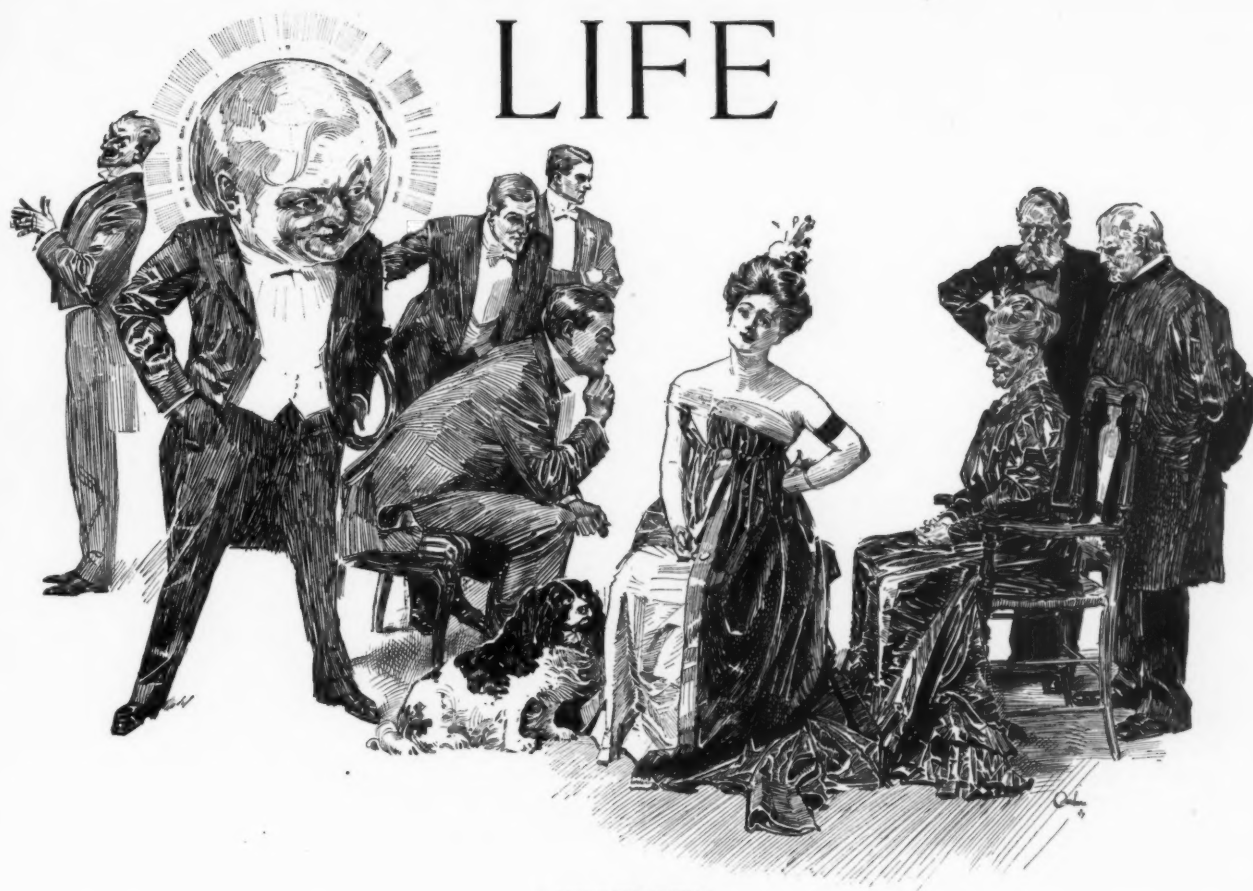
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LIFE



HALF-MOURNING

A PLEA FOR THE BRIGHTER SIDE

Sonnet

[After reading "We Are Such Stuff as Dreams Are Made Of" in LIFE's Twenty-fifth Anniversary Number.]

THE shifting visions of a dreamful night
Are not more vague than youth's un-
taught desires,

That rise like ghostly flames of vanished
fires,
To burn awhile and fade with morning's
light.

And when the noon of manhood seems most
bright,

When love has come and all that love
inspires

Of noble deeds, reality retires
Into the shadows of the infinite.

What do they matter, pale philosophies!
These futile systems of a fading day!

The world moves on and leaves them all
behind.

Though puny man must have his ecstasies,
And mighty nations crumble to decay,
The love of LIFE lives ever in mankind.

Henry Eastman Lower.

Unworthy of Mrs. Glyn

WE CANNOT help but doubt if the visit of Mrs. Elinor Glyn to this country will be profitable enough to any one to recompense her for the considerable trouble of coming here. It has been in the papers that she went to a meeting of the Pilgrim Mothers in New York, and was not received by all of the Mothers with the cordiality and evidences of esteem that a distinguished visitor likes to excite. Some of the Mothers had different notions of literary propriety from those lately disclosed by Mrs. Glyn in printed works, and behaved to her as though they were not sure she was a proper person. Mrs. Glyn took their behavior much to heart, and some of the newspapers represented her as saying painful things about it. Probably she did not say them, but she did endure a good deal of newspaper publicity, to

the distress, doubtless, of her sensibilities, and did relieve her mind a good deal, in or out of print, and exacted and received apologies from some of the Mothers.

All of which goes to show that this country is hardly the place for Mrs. Glyn. So many of us are still slaves to old-fashioned prejudice that in any assembly that she might honor with her presence the chances would be that from three to four-fifths of those who met her would feel that New York was not really worthy of her, and that she would have been better advised to bless and benefit some more enlightened city.

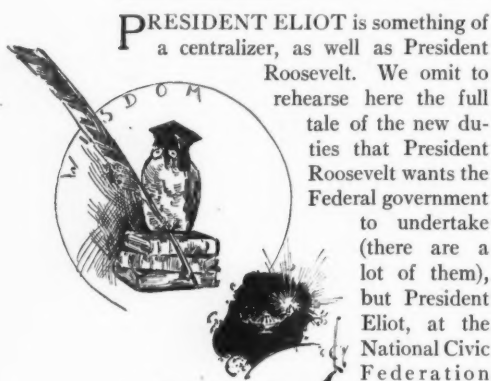
MOTTO for Presidential candidates (especially W. J. B.): If at first you don't succeed Roosevelt, try, try again.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LI. JANUARY 16, 1908 No. 1316

Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York



PRESIDENT ELIOT is something of a centralizer, as well as President Roosevelt. We omit to rehearse here the full tale of the new duties that President Roosevelt wants the Federal government to undertake (there are a lot of them), but President Eliot, at the National Civic

conference in New York last month, spoke up for three such duties. He wants government control of commercial associations (labor unions as well as associations of capital), also Federal incorporation of corporations, and a Federal divorce law. The Federal government, he said, needs new powers, and he spoke with envy of Canada's advantage, in that all power not expressly given to the provinces belonged to the national government. With us, as everyone knows, or ought to know, all powers not expressly conferred upon our national government are retained by the States. Because the Canadian government had the power to do it, it had lately worked out what Dr. Eliot considered the best piece of legislation ever adopted to promote industrial peace. It provided for an impartial public investigation of every threatened strike and lock-out before it could be lawful. That was apparently all it did, as it did not provide for arbitration.

President Eliot is very much of an innovator himself, and not all of his innovations are approved by all the experts. President Schurman, of Cornell, has complained within a few days that he (Dr. Eliot) had gone much too far in developing the elective system in the colleges and had given too much choice of studies to

youths not fit to exercise it. Nevertheless, Dr. Eliot is fairly full of years and is credited with judgment that, at least, is ripe, and his opinions carry about as much weight with thoughtful citizens as the opinions of any living American, and when he says that our Federal government must have more power, it buttresses significantly as far as it goes the views of President Roosevelt, Mr. Root and Judge Taft in that direction. Necessity seems to be compelling some stretching of the Federal powers. The issue in that matter is not whether they shall be enlarged or not, but what is the least amplification that will serve. This ought to be an influential issue in the next Presidential election and the Democrats ought to be as much on the side of limiting the Federal powers as the Republicans are of enlarging them. So they will be, if they nominate such a man as Governor Johnson, of Minnesota, who is opposed to Federal incorporation and to all encroachments upon the reserved powers of the States. So it will not be if it nominates Mr. Bryan, who believes in government ownership of railroads and Federal powers to match.



GOVERNOR JOHNSON is a very engaging man, who seems adapted to win wide popularity, and shows a temperateness of thought and a moderation of opinion that make folks think of him as belonging in the group of the safe and sane. He is about the likeliest Democratic candidate in sight as yet, and has the advantage of most of the other possibilities—as the judicious Dr. Wilson, of Princeton, and Judge Harmon, of Ohio—in being already in politics and in an office where he has been able to show his quality. These are all good men—Johnson, Wilson and Harmon—men of vigor, capacity and character. President Wilson would make a mighty interesting President if he got the job. Judge Harmon stands for one thing in particular which is timely—the idea of punishing the individual malefactor who violates the law in the direction or service of a corporation, and not the more or less innocent stockholder. There is a strong current sentiment that corporations cannot sin, and their stockholders ought not to be overmuch punished, whereas their

officers can, and at times do, sin, and ought to be so dealt with as to break them of the habit.



CURRENT judgment on the big Standard Oil fine seems to be that the case against the company was probably good, the offenses proved and punishment merited, but that the fine was preposterous, and neither good law nor a wise or proper exercise of judicial discretion. Miss Tarbell thinks it was all right, as far as it went, but what seems to be the better opinion is that it was sensational (and very hurtful to public confidence at a critical time) and not helpful to the course of justice, but the contrary. It is also rumored that it was not as grateful to the feelings of the Administration as it was commonly supposed to be.

It is very hard to get just enough justice done—just the amount proper to the occasion. If mankind was punished at one lick for all its past sins, there would be no one left in the ring, and the sound of the grinders would cease and desire fail. It is hard, too, to connect the punishment with the actual malefactor, instead of bringing it down on his assigns several times removed. When justice becomes emotional it usually ceases to be justice. There is something too much of this emotional justice abroad in this land, just now.



THE second Thaw trial is upon us. Heaven knows what tribulations may be in store for us from that source, but it is lawful to hope that the second trial may not repeat the features of the first. It seemed to us that it was worth while, all things considered, that the story which was told at the first trial should have come out as it did, but it is not apparent that any interest of the public would be served by having the opportunity to read it again; so we hope the general public, at least, may be spared it. There is a better chance to have a successful trial now than the first time, the public being somewhat readier to leave the case to the court and the jury.



WHY NOT FOR THE BOYS, TOO?

Ineffectual Struggles

KENTUCKY Night Riders are estimated to have destroyed a million dollars' worth of property within about a year. They are trying to keep the tobacco growers from selling their crops until the price is higher. The reason they think the price ought to be higher is that there is no competition among buyers, and the price, which all growers may take or leave, is made by the American Tobacco Company, better known as the Tobacco Trust. Buyers used to bid against one another for the Kentucky tobacco. Now there is but one bidder and he makes the price to suit himself.

It is the story of Iowa beef and Kansas

oil told over again. When the buyers have got together so that there is no effective competition between them, the sellers must either take whatever is offered or combine and stick out for more.

The present remedy in Kentucky for the successful methods of the Tobacco Trust is to burn the tobacco-barns and warehouses of any grower that sells to it without permission from the growers' pool. That remedy cannot possibly win. If tobacco can't be raised profitably on the Trust's terms, the thing for the growers to do would seem to be to raise something else. To control the price is practicable. Mr. Ryan's Trust can do it. But to restrain by force and fire growers who want to sell is impracticable. Mr.

Ryan would never attempt anything so dangerous, ill-advised, unlawful and hopeless as that.

Smart man, Mr. Ryan. From the moralist's point of view presumably too smart, but extremely clever in business. Wonderfully able and successful in his associations with the Metropolitan Street Railroad System in New York. The system has gone bust, but not on Mr. Ryan. No; he is said to be out of it—a placid and disinterested spectator, whose interests are now active in the Congo region.

There is something pathetic in the idea of the poor, stupid Kentucky Night Riders trying to exact by force from the Tobacco Trust a price which the Trust is unwilling to pay. Possibly the price the Trust offers is fair, but whether it is or not, the Night Riders are riding to a fall.

Coming to Him All Right

ST. PETER: You were a Wall Street lamb, I believe?

MEEK SPIRIT: Yes, sir.

"Well, here's the best pair of wings in the establishment. You certainly are entitled to a good strong, upward movement."

INCOMES may be roughly divided into three classes: respectable incomes, disreputable incomes and impossible incomes. Impossible incomes are, as yet, relatively few. You may, perhaps, count them on the fingers of your two hands. Disreputable incomes, on the other hand, are rather many. There are at least enough of them to constitute a real society in about all the larger cities. Respectable incomes are, of course, too numerous, as well as too insignificant, to mention.

GIVE every man his just Hughes.



She: THIS IS OUR ANNIVERSARY, FIDO. HOW DO YOU LIKE BEING MARRIED, ANYWAY?

"OH, IT'S A REGULAR DOG'S LIFE!"

Advice to Editors



MORE than any other class, newspaper editors have perhaps been hit the hardest by the recent (*sic*) financial stringency. Their difficulty in knowing just what to say, from day to day, in the editorial columns about the current news, was and is a sore trial.

This brings prominently forward again the often-discussed need for a strong central editor, one who will issue frequent bulletins containing just the right words. Along with this central editor, however, there should also be appropriate legislation looking to the free and unlimited coinage of more elastic phrases. It is in lieu of these reforms that these remarks are promulgated. Editors should observe the following rules:

1. Always speak of the stringency in the past tense. For this purpose, the words "recent" and "late" will do very nicely. In cases where public men insist upon being interviewed as to financial matters, observe the following form: "Senator A. (giving the proper title) believes the best legislation to obviate the recent (*sic*) stringency is," etc.
2. Make every news item prove conclusively that the stringency is over. A good example of this is shown by the editor who announced that everything was "all right" because the "bank statement was no worse than expected." This is very easy to do when once you acquire the knack.
3. Do not trust to your own judgment in any case. Remember that the banks are owned by private individuals and that the public treasury is owned by the Administration. All opinions, therefore, should have the sanction of one or both of these authorities.
4. Do not allow the public to find out that it is hoarding money. This is suicidal. On the other hand, you should open every avenue of publicity to the fact that the banks are hoarding money. The observation of this rule is easy if you will only remember that the banks are always entitled to first consideration.
5. Above all things, avoid the mistake of looking at things from the standpoint of your subscribers, 99 44-100 per cent. of whom have not a bank or trust to their names and, therefore, may be treated as nil.
6. Do not say anything at all, if you can help it.

By a strict observance of these simple rules, confidence will very quickly be removed from the newspapers to the business situation, where it belongs.

Ellis O. Jones.

Extracts from a New Brunswick Letter

Fredericton, N. B.

DEAR LIFE: I wish to thank you for a copy of Mr. Malcolm Stewart's drawing and congratulate you upon the success achieved in twenty-five years.

One compensation to a reader of LIFE is that he gains many points of view besides his own. A reader does not always agree with LIFE's views of life, but with whom is a reader always in accord?

LIFE's editorials are delightful reading, and this reader hopes that Mr. Martin may live long to write them, and kindred matter; he may be assured there are hosts of appreciative readers.

With best wishes to the owners and staff of LIFE, I beg to remain, dear sirs,

Yours very truly,

December 31, 1907.

L. W. JOHNSTON.



THE SECOND GENERATION

"WELL, MY LITTLE MAN, I SUPPOSE YOU HUNG UP YOUR STOCKING CHRISTMAS?"

"NOT ON YOUR LIFE! WHAT D'YOU SUPPOSE WE KEEP SERVANTS FOR?"

Confidence

CONFIDENCE, unhappily, appertains very largely to that very public which has to be damned in order to assure the success of commercial enterprises of the first magnitude. This gives rise to a very delicate situation. How to damn the public sufficiently for the purposes of trade and industry, without at the same time seriously affecting confidence, is, perhaps, the economic problem of the hour. That it is yet far from solution the recurrence of panics all too amply attests.

Confidence and diffidence, as their etymology suggests, are two very different things, as far apart as the poles, indeed. But like the poles, they are connected. As the poles form the ends of the earth's axis, so confidence and diffidence, in a sense, unite to uphold the world of credit. You get the idea when you ask yourself, seriously, what public confidence would be but for Tom Lawson's diffidence.

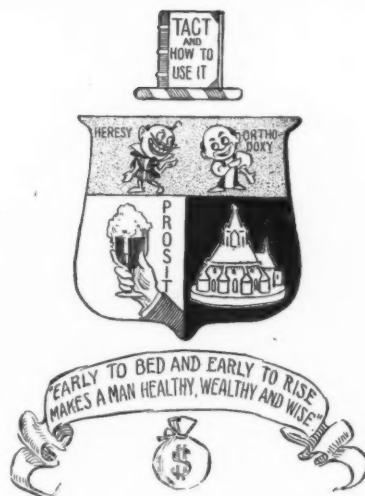
Patriots, it is scarcely necessary to add, do not despair of the republic capriciously, or without due regard for the stock market. The pity is there are so few of these.

Ramsey Benson.

OPPORTUNITY Knox but once.

Who's What

In and Out of America



Potter, H. C. A bishop and after-dinner speaker, who denies himself the privilege of poverty in order to show the world that you can be rich and pretty good at the same time. This gentleman is noted for his tact, being the only one who knows how to treat heresy (by ignoring it), and although an advanced thinker, keeps so quiet about it that he is regarded as eminently respectable. Author of "Coming Through the Rye."

Unspontaneous

WHAT availeth a pumped-up patriotism in a pinch? It gets a great many whistles blown when the fleet starts for the Pacific. It procures countless hats to be doffed as often as the band plays the national anthem. It sets off endless red-fire and hot air on no particular occasion. But when the hour of trial comes, and real sacrifice is demanded, may we not find that instead of fostering patriotism by these theatrical outbursts, we have made it a cheap thing, a species of thin hysterics, soon worn out?

Patriotism has the misfortune of many another fine sentiment—there's capital in it for charlatans, unless people look sharply to it.

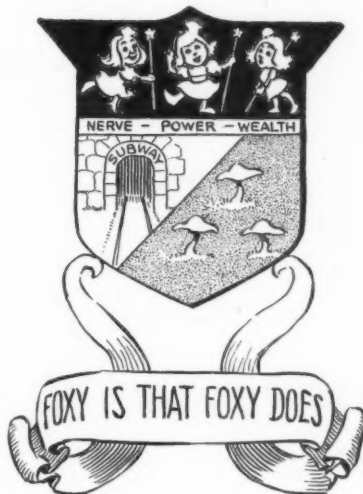
TAFT, and the world laughs with you.

De Mortuis

"**MISERLY'S** dead."

"And damned?"

"I hope not. I've some pretty good friends in hell."



Ryan, Thomas. Repairer of old and worn out insurance companies, also subway expert and coin collector. When this gentleman was born, three fairies presented themselves at his bedside. One said, "I am the spirit of pure and unadulterated nerve." The second said, "I am the power that controls other men, whether it's right or not." And the third said, "I am the one that keeps you free from jails and investigating committees and enables you to sit on franchises and hatch out millions." Then said Thomas, "Must I choose between you?" And the fairies replied, "That was our intention when we came, but we like you so well that you can have us all." And after that he led the equitable life. His principal occupation is preserving the appearance of honesty. Author of "Subways That Have Helped Me," "The Uninvestigated Life." Favorite flower, the mushroom. Motto, "Foxy is that foxy does." Address, care Paul Morton.

"**CAN** she take the high C?"

"Not without knocking off some of the bars."



Cortelyou, George B. Administration Poo Bah and incidentally Secretary of the Treasury for Uncle Sam. This gentleman began life as a reporter and gradually descended until he became chairman of the Republican National Committee, where he received campaign contributions from insurance companies and looked unpleasant when reminded of it. Since then he has concealed himself behind the Dead Letter Office, and kept his ear to the ground. His principal occupation is rubbing the Teddybear the right way. Favorite bird, American Eagle. Address, Transient Window, Washington, or care Standard Oil Company.

Appropriate

"**EVERY** room in my house has a name—Marie Antoinette, Louis XIV, Pompeian, etc."

"What do you call the nursery?"

"The Roosevelt."



The Dog: I WISH I WAS A TEDDYBEAR OR A RUBBER BALL

Best Sellers Boiled Down

THE BRASS HOLE

By L. J. VANCE



I
MAITLAND was tired. He had come down through the Jerome Park Reservoir in his auto and had to go so slow that it got on his nerves.

He shuddered when he thought of playing poker all the evening, even when the sandwiches which went with the game were as high as \$2,000 a dozen.

Going home to his apartment, he filled the Brass Hole full of money and watched it burn just for a little temporary excitement, pending the development of the plot. There was no real money, of course; neither was there a Brass Hole. As for Maitland, he was really working at Macy's for \$8 a week, but our story depends upon its improbability and his monumental wealth and nerve. Hence these untruths.

Maitland decided to dine with his lawyer.

"Where are the family jewels?" asked that person, tensely. "There is a burglar about who looks like you and if"—

"They are safe in the ancestral home on Long Island," replied Maitland, curtly. "Who will care to think of them there?"

Afterward, however, he made up his mind he would make sure. And so he asked a cabby to drive him to the ferry-house.

II

Midnight on a Long Island ferry-boat. The horror of the situation can better be imagined than described.

Through the darkness he descended, the girl in gray sitting in her big machine—alone.

"Can this be Evelyn Nesbit?" he inquired, calmly.

"Not the same."

Again that night as he entered his estate, vaulting lightly over the iron animals in the way, he saw the same auto standing in front of his door.

"Aha," he muttered, "perhaps she thinks this is a gasoline reservoir."

He entered softly. His worst fears were

confirmed. The girl in gray was working at his safe with an iron toothpick.

"Permit me," he said.

"You are the great burglar."

She really thought he was, so Maitland determined not to deceive her.

"And you're another!" he replied.

He nodded familiarly to the safe, and it opened at once.

"You see," he smiled, "the difference between the professional and amateur. I once took a course in Christian Science. Now I crack safes entirely by mind."

Just then the real burglar, who had walked instead of taking the Long Island Railroad train, and had therefore got there ahead of time, entered.

Maitland sprang to his escritoire, where there was concealed a copy of the President's message.

"Here!" he said, earnestly, "let me read this aloud to you."

He read until the burglar swooned. Then putting a few rubber bands around him, Maitland plunged after the girl in gray, who had leaped through the window.

III

He didn't get her, because it wasn't yet time, our contract with the publishers being to make at least 70,000 words.

The next morning he was sitting in his apartment, counting over the family jewels, when a man entered.

"I am a detective from headquarters. Why did you not give the alarm last night, and why did you use black rubber bands instead of red, which are so much stronger?"

"Because"—said Maitland.

At this the stranger, who was really the burglar with a false face, hit him over the head with the Brass Hole and taking the jewels over his shoulder made his way downstairs.

"Who are you?" asked the janitor.

"Santa Claus."

IV

The girl in gray who had been hovering around Maitland's apartment looking for certain other papers (sh!) which interested her, met him and mistook him for Maitland.

"Are you hungry?" asked the burglar.

"As hungry as a debutante," she muttered.

"Come with me to the Primordial."

Suddenly, as he dallied with the claw of a cold lobster, she noticed his hands.

"Aha!" she muttered to herself, "not the same. Tricked again."

V

The girl in gray hurried to the apartment. The hall boy nodded to her familiarly as she went up. The janitor bowed. The elevator boy remarked that it looked like snow. She had, indeed, been coming there so often that everybody knew her.

Removing the telephone from the hook, she searched the Brass Hole for the missing gold mine.

Suddenly there was a noise.

Maitland!

She plunged fearlessly into the dumb-waiter, and pulled down the curtain. Maitland entered with a man from headquarters.

"Well, sleuth, where is your prisoner?"

"Dining with District-Attorney Jerome. They belong to the same club."

"As I thought. I knew he would slip through your fingers."

"You forget that you are the man. That was only my little joke."

"What? And so that is the way he has tricked you."

The detective looked at Maitland closely again.

"Can it be I am wrong?" he faltered. "Oh, let me have one more chance. Don't give me away," and he plunged downward.

Maitland raised the dumb-waiter curtain.

"Good evening, dearie," he said.

"Don't be alarmed. There is a cab waiting for you at the door."

Little did he know that the real burglar was sitting in Central Office, listening through the dangling 'phone. Or was it the other way? Was he somewhere else and the burglar talking to the girl in gray?

But it really doesn't matter which way it is. It will all come out in the wash.

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"WORKING TO BEAT HELL"

The girl in gray got into the cab. The burglar got in with her. The cabby thought he was Maitland. So, of course, did she. He had on coonskin gloves and she could not see his hands—her only clue.

"Drive up to the sixteenth floor of the Flatiron Building."

"Very good, sir."

Maitland's lawyer was waiting for them. At one time the chief counsel for several trust companies, business had become so dull with him that he was forced to this low ebb.

VI

Maitland, in attempting to cross Broadway, was run into by the cab horse.

That animal recognized him at once.

"Quick," he snorted, "you have been deceived."

"I thought he was you," muttered the cabman, apologetically.

At midnight, when crime stalks abroad, it has often been noticed how the streets of New York are crowded with officers of the law. Grabbing several of them, Maitland hurried to the Flatiron Building in the cab.

He arrived there in the nick of time. The lawyer was explaining in detail all the causes of the financial panic to the girl in gray, who cowered in a corner. The burglar was reading accompaniments from the message.

Suddenly the click of one of the elevators was heard. They sprang aboard the other one.

As the elevators passed each other shots rang out in the midnight air.

Maitland, stepping off at the 'steenth floor, waved his hand to the elevator boy.

"Remove these bodies," he said, loftily; "they annoy me."

Then he carried the prostrate form of the girl in gray up on the roof, where the wind blew her back to life.

"Roosevelt is responsible for this," he muttered, hoarsely. "But things look brighter now."

VII

Later, after she had returned home, he called her up over the 'phone.

"Is this you, dearie?"

"Yes, darling. You know it was for papa's sake I did such unconventional things. That New Jersey gold mine he

bought troubled him so. And knowing the papers were in your possession, I"—

"Don't explain any more, ducky. I understand! Here's a nice, sweet kiss."

"Thanks awfully. I'm sending it back. When are you coming to marry me?"

"As soon as I've changed my cigarette case. You dear, sweet, lovey dovey"—

At this moment the voice of Central broke in:

"Say, you make me sick. Cut it out."

Chesterton Todd.



"I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING GOOD ABOUT THAT JONES GIRL, DO YOU?"

"YES; BUT I WON'T TELL!"

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THE OLD KNOCK





What's the Use?



SHAKESPEARE was in no wise a chauvinist, so when he spoke of "caviare to the general" he meant no disrespect to Russia, the source of that delicacy. So when one likens the Russian Nazimova to caviare one means no disrespect either to caviare or to Russia. It is simply a fashion of speech meant to indicate that she is unusual, highly exotic and not adapted to either general consumption or a daily diet. She is above all an acquired taste and one which some entirely normal appetites find absolutely impossible to like.

Of the art of Mme. Nazimova it is now possible to speak with greater precision than when she had been heard in English in only one or two rôles. It is still difficult to separate her method from the piquant personality she exploits so freely. Many of those who are loudest in their admiration of the Russian woman deceive themselves not only by failing to make the distinction, but also because misled by her personal vogue, they go predetermined to find her an artist as well as a curiosity. In her latest effort, the depiction of *Lona* in Mr. Johnson's "The Comet," she gives only the impression of stage trickery, not of interpretation or characterization. The world-weariness of the woman who has sounded the whole gamut she demonstrates by a physical fatigue and lassitude carried to excess. Of the force and mentality needed to carry her through the things she describes and to the great wordly success claimed for the artist, she gives no sign nor token. By eccentricity of costume and by strangeness of pose, gesture and tone, she holds our attention, but our own mental attitude is one of guessing what she will do next, rather than one of understanding any word or message she seeks to convey. She attracts our notice from the camera which registers reality by pulling the string of a jumping-jack to give us a pleased expression. It is to be feared that Mme. Nazimova must be listed among those successes of curiosity we Americans are so fond of creating, rather than as a great artist who conquers our reasons or stirs our hearts. In her

support Mr. Brandon Tynan acquitted himself creditably in a part which largely suggested the function of interlocutor in a minstrel show. His main duty was asking the heroine questions whose answers should throw light on her lurid career. In the more stressful scenes Mr. Tynan conveyed the idea of youthful impetuosity perfectly. This impetuosity was doubtless meant to be an artistic contrast to *Lona's* dead-and-goneness, but in the case of another youthful character, *Lona's* sister, played by Miss Florence Fisher, the impetuosity became a riot.

"The Comet," Mr. Johnson's first stage effort, suggests the question, "What's the use?" If Mr. Johnson had any great message to deliver, if he was writing something to amuse, if he had unusual art as a dramatist to display, there might be reason for

"The Comet" and its bald statement of an incontrovertible but highly unpleasant physiological truth. Unfortunately, the author's sole message was more briefly conveyed by Moses many years ago when in one of the commandments he made mention of the sins of the fathers. The play is more depressing than amusing, and the dramatic art displayed consists of the thing for which Ibsen is most criticized—his choice of topics—without the technique of Ibsen to redeem it. LIFE has no desire to be over-nice or oversqueamish or over-prudish, and it has every desire in the world to encourage the young American dramatist. It would be distinctly failing in its duty if it applauded him for selecting as his choice for imitation what was bad in foreign models in preference to the fresh and original material so ready to the hand of the young American.

"The Comet" is not impressive in its performance nor inspiring in its theme.

* * *

CERTAIN managers are afraid to have LIFE describe the entertainments they offer to the public, so it is impossible to state here just how good a burlesque of "The Merry Widow" Mr. Joseph Weber has provided. Judged absolutely, it may be said that the present offering at Weber's is certainly a large advance on the opening attempt this season. To begin with, he has the fascinating music of Lehar. Besides that, he has brought back to the old fold the abilities of Mr. Peter F. Dailey, Mr. Charles J. Ross and Miss Mabel Fenton, and makes more use of the dancing talent of Miss Bessie Clayton. Miss Lulu Glaser's name is also added to the pay-roll. The music needs no notice, as it is familiar to and has been approved by the whole world. The book is not startlingly funny, but will doubtless be improved in the usual Weberian fashion. Mr. Peter Dailey may be trusted to enrich it at every performance.

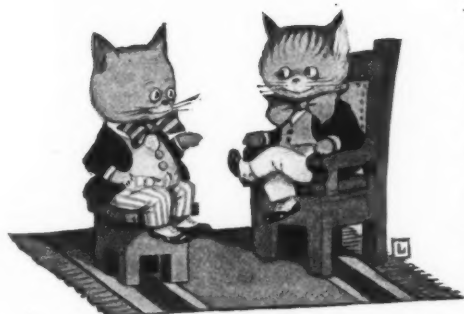
The new show at Weber's is entirely worthy of the patronage of those who are not anxious to be educated or elevated, but who seek only to be agreeably amused.

* * *

MORE pretentious and very dainty in book, score and performance is "Miss Hook of Holland," at the Criterion. Like its predecessor, "The Dairy Maids," it is direct from London, but it is free from the vulgarity that tainted that importation. Satiated as we have been with musical comedies, it is a change to find one that is really musical and funny in a refined way. Its music is not up to the high standard of "Tom Jones,"



THE REMARKABLE TOGGERY WORN BY MME. NAZIMOVA IN
"THE COMET"



Thomas: DON'T YOU EVER GET LONESOME HERE AMONG STRANGERS?

Maltese: NOT AT ALL! I MANAGE TO SCRATCH UP AN ACQUAINTANCE NOW AND THEN.

although written by Mr. Rubens in much the same British school. The rendering is entrusted mostly to Americans. Christie Macdonald, Georgia Caine and Messrs. Wise and West stand out in excellence.

"Miss Hook of Holland" is very good of its kind and well done throughout. It is in a way a good model for American writers and composers to study. Although it is not striking nor especially virile, it is free from the coarseness and crudeness which have made "musical comedy" a thing to be avoided. "Miss Hook" is well worth meeting.

STRONG meat is provided in the dramatization of "The House of a Thousand Candles," in for a short stay at Daly's. Those who like their villain

villainous and their heroes heroic will find these qualities in this rapidly moving melodrama. Besides a hidden treasure, there are plottings and counterplottings, understandings and misunderstandings, lovings and matings, to please the gods of the gallery and bring, perhaps, a little active interest to those theatre-goers on whom the problem play and the musical comedy are beginning to pall. That very good actor, Mr. E. M. Holland, is at the head of a cast which is quite competent to deal with the vigorous material entrusted to it.

As a play, "The House of a Thousand Candles" has a good many crudities, but it has some fun and several stirring situations.

* * *

PERSONS wishing to hear "The Merry Widow" are hereby warned that tickets purchased at the box-office—if any can be so purchased—will positively be accepted at the door.

Metcalfe.

LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES

Academy of Music—Mr. Belasco's "The Rose of the Rancho." Delightfully staged drama of the Mexican-American days of California most agreeably acted.

Astor—Mr. Channing Pollock's dramatization of the Castles' "The Secret Orchard." Emotional drama dealing with an unusual domestic problem.

Belasco—Mr. De Mille's "The Warrens of Virginia." Charming staged and well-acted play of the Civil War. Cast headed by Miss Charlotte Walker and Mr. Frank Keenan.

Bijou—Mme. Nazimova in "The Comet." See opposite.

Casino—"Funabashi." Notice later.

Criterion—"Miss Hook of Holland." See opposite.

Daly's—Dramatization of "The House of a Thousand Candles." See above.

Empire—Maude Adams in "The Jesters." Notice later.

Hackett—Mental telepathy made dramatic in Mr. Augustus Thomas's "The Witching Hour," by Mr. John Mason, Mr. Russ Whytal and well-selected cast.

Herald Square—Mr. Lew Fields and large company in "The Girl Behind the Counter." Fun, music and girls in unlimited quantities.

Hippodrome—Spectacle, ballet and military realism.

Keith and Proctor's Theatres—Innocuous vaudeville.

Lincoln Square—"The Bad Boy and His Teddy Bears." Holiday extravaganza.

Lyric—Mrs. Fiske in Ibsen's "Rosmersholm." Not exactly a cheerful drama, but highly interesting and presented with unusual finish.

Madison Square—Katherine Grey in "The Reckoning." Interesting little play of student and grisette life in Vienna.

Majestic—"The Top o' th' World." Musical extravaganza, well done and diverting.

Manhattan Opera House—Grand Opera under the direction of Mr. Oscar Hammerstein.

Stuyvesant—Mr. Belasco's "A Grand Army Man." Mr. David Warfield and well-chosen company in faithful and interesting depiction of real life in a small American town.

Weber's Music Hall—Musical burlesque. See opposite.

West End—Dramatic attractions with weekly change of bill.



"HURRY UP, FELLOWS! COME AND LOOK AT THE MOVING-PICTURES!"

Operatic Algebra



THE Spencerian system of opera—that's the phrase for it. You remember the Spencerian system of penmanship, with its curves and curlicues? You remember the antelopes and eagles and things they used to write, all in flourishes with shading that required an amazing amount of skill to accomplish an amazingly uninteresting and unimportant result?

Well, opera still shows remnants of the Spencerian school of gesticulation. You know the soprano, with her astounding chest development. Her hands are just able to meet in front of her imperial facade, and she expresses every known emotion with a Spencerian curve. She is a veritable Delsartian well of emotion. Her arms suffer from elocutionist's cramp.

Is she bewailing her canvas tenor's incarceration in the prison? She carries her right hand out in a waving motion and brings it back in the reverse curve, thus inscribing in the air a figure 8 on its side thus ∞. She does this with the palm down. But is she rejecting the advances of the base bass? She writes a sidelong figure ∞ with her left hand, palm out. Is she rejoicing in the discovery of a jewel-box in her garden? The right-hand curve does

it. Is she regretting her betrayal by a handsome baritone? The left-hand curve does it. And always the hands come home, as chickens to roost, on her bosom.

With the men it is the same. Such twistings of the wrist! Such pirouettes and strides!—everything in curves, spirals and parabolas—nothing humanized, understood, expressed or suggested; the rudiments of acting unguessed. All things are written upon the atmosphere in Spencerian glee or Spencerious gloom.

These are the types—the stock types—the yeomen of the old school of *bel canto* and *mal jatto*. But, of course, much is forgiven to one who sings well. Much ought to be forgiven for a good high C or a large low G.

But less and less is forgiven every day. The old school of acting has passed or is just trailing its last ruffles down the back stairs of time. The naturalism, inwardness and suggestiveness we demand now of the actor, we are demanding more and more of the singer.

* * *

A NEW school has arisen to meet the demand. Some say that Maurel and Calvé founded it. In this school the interpreta-



THE REAL AMERICAN SIX-DAY RACE (FIFTY-TWO PERFORMANCES YEARLY)

tion of the character is counted quite as important as the exact pitching of the notes. Many operas themselves are written to exploit the new school of expression and a few actors of genuinely high ability have developed. A few of these few are superb vocalists as well as superb interpreters.

Of these there is with us again this season the great Renaud. He has a noble voice, nobly wielded, and he acts, impersonates, interprets with walk, look and gesture, though he is agreeably parsimonious of hand-sawing and striding. His *Mephisto* is a portrait worthy of Van Dyck, and his motionless silences are almost as eloquent as his musicianly singing—and singing is not often musicianly.

In striking contrast with his gaunt and Chesterfieldian *Mephisto* is that of the newcomer, Chialiapine. His devil is a ponderous and sonorous fiend, and he clothes him in next to nothing but deviltry. I cannot speak from accurate information, but it seems to me that if hell is as hot as it is painted by the religious, and interstellar space is as cold as it is reckoned by the scientists, the Old Harry himself would want to put on something more than a scarf when he went out to challenge heaven. But in this I speak without documents, as there is no "Daily Hint from Paradise" to tell just what is worn on such occasions.

Meanwhile, we have Chialiapine to thank for a new note in costume, as well as for many new touches in interpretation and much magnificent singing. He is more robustious even than Edouard de Reszké. He was a friend and co-pauper with Gorky and is growing into an international figure of similar vigor.

EVEN the tenors are learning to act at times—not all of them by any means. There are still those Osrics who mince and meowl, but I have rarely been so moved by a scene as by Bassi's ferocious fire in the great aria in "I Pagliacci," where after finding that his beloved wife is faithless to him, he is compelled to go to his dressing-room and put on his make-up for the pitiful farce. It is a wonderful song in a heart-breaking situation and few tenors go far amiss in it, but of them all Bassi seems to me to have reached the highest total of singing plus acting.

And, after all, it is the algebraic total of qualities that makes the final score.

If a singer has a + 2 appearance, a - 4 personality and a - 4 dramatic ability with a + 16 voice and a + 10 ability to use it, the total is + 20. Which is just twice as effective as a well-balanced mediocrity with a + 2 appearance, a + 2 personality, a + 2 dramatic ability, a + 2 voice, and a + 2 ability to use it.

It is in overlooking the algebraic values and in failing to add plus and minus quantities together that the critics go wrong and

the educated public in the long run unconsciously goes right. One critic is all for singing; and in his columns any flutelike stick is lauded to the skies. Another is all for drama, and in his columns a voiceless actor is boosted to the empyrean. Then the critic wonders why the public is not with him. He can always plume himself on his greater discrimination and call the public the many-headed beast. Which is very good medicine. It soothes and invigorates the critic and does not hurt the public's feelings. Because the public has no feelings to hurt.

The algebraic total is important in the case of Mary Garden. Many find her vocal equipment inferior. But, granting it to be all they say, her beauty, her histrionic thrill, her melodiousness of bodily motion and her voluptuous Wagnerian harmonic fascinations overcome any handicap or vocicap. Just to be interesting in this monotonous, monochromatic world is a great deal. To be exciting is an event. Mary Garden is exciting. Her coming here is an event.

THERE are some singers whose acting and whose singing are both so bad that we look and listen in amazement. Their only skill seems to be that which they showed in getting an engagement at all. They sing off the key and act out of the picture. The contrast is partly to blame. Many of them would be thought to be fine artists in a lesser town.

The swiftest thoroughbred from Araby lumbers like a hippopotamus if he is racing with an express engine. Old Dog Tray was lost from keeping bad company. But there are Old Dog Deuces that are lost from keeping too good company, and trying to mingle with the kings, queens and aces.

Neither the Metropolitan nor the Manhattan is lacking in these pathetic misdeals. It would serve no worthy purpose to name their names. Their equals in artistic penury are found on all the opera stages in Europe. Some of them occasionally emit a note or a phrase that explains their success at some remote audition. And, after all, to repeat, much can be forgiven for the sake of a few pure musical tones.

How much would we not forgive Caruso for the sake of his cupola tones? Some of them, it would seem, are high and pure and wild enough to go on up to the Recording Angel, and bring from his old eyes tears enough to blot the ledger.

Rupert Hughes

Thanks, Brother

ALTHOUGH the Boston *Herald* does not figure pictorially among the crowned personages and representatives of art, literature, the drama, etc., who are seen in this week's LIFE cartoon presenting their congratulations to the little cherub, it desires to be counted among those who in spirit at least attend that twenty-fifth birthday celebration. It seems impossible to believe that LIFE is really twenty-five years old this week, but such is the case, and hearty congratulations are strictly in order. There is no good American that is not proud of LIFE, and others besides Americans take a constant delight in its weekly visits. The paper is as much an institution in this country as *Punch* is in England and many of its cartoons will, as in the case of the English paper, provide the historian of the future with his most apposite pictorial comment on the events of the past generation.—*The Boston Herald*.

Reassuring

PATIENT (to dentist): I say! This gas is absolutely safe, isn't it?

DENTIST: Don't worry, sir. In these times I couldn't afford to lose a customer.



He: DID YOU TELL YOUR FATHER, DARLING?

She: I TOLD HIM I WAS ENGAGED, DEAR, BUT NOT TO WHOM. HE IS NOT WELL AND I THOUGHT I WOULD
BREAK IT TO HIM GRADUALLY.



AUNT SCISSORS AUNT NULLUS

INCREASE OUR PAY

Help us with Congress, Lord;
By might of pen and sword
Pity the nation's ward,
La Grande Armée.
Yes, we are poor indeed,
And stand in greatest need—
All that they must concede;
Increase our pay.

We don't expect to be
Living in luxury;
Keep us from penury
During our day.
Grant us thrice ten per cent.
As a just increment
Against life's accident;
Increase our pay.

Make them to see the right,
That we must live, to fight—
Bearing our burdens light,
Paying our way.
We ask no wages, than
Those of the workingman.
"See" the Department plan;
Increase our pay.

—Army and Navy Journal.

JUST OUTSIDE

Two women chanced to meet on a street-car in Chicago. "Why, how do you do, Mrs. Thompson!" exclaimed one of them. "I called at your house one day last week, and there was nobody at home."

"We've moved, Mrs. Giles," said the other. "Didn't you know that?"

"No. When did you move?"

"It's a new neighborhood, Mrs. Giles, and I can't describe it exactly, but if I had a map of the city here I could show you. We live just about half an inch outside of the city limits."

"What direction?"

"Northwest."

"And where are you located now?"

"It's a new neighborhood, Mrs. Giles, and I can't describe it exactly, but if I had a map of the city here I could show you. We live just about half an inch outside of the city limits."

—Youth's Companion.

HATED GAMBLING—SOMETIMES

"Here, my dear," said the husband, producing his purse, "here is fifty dollars I won playing cards over at Brown's last night. You may have it to buy that dress you wanted."

Reluctantly the conscientious wife took the money; then said, with an expression of rigid rectitude:

"I simply shudder at the thought of using money gained in such a way. Henry, promise me that after you have won enough for me to buy the hat to go with the dress you will never again touch those awful cards. I don't want my husband to become a gambler."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

NEW ANSWERS TO OLD QUESTIONS

"Is this a good ten-cent cigar?"

"No, sir. That cigar is Connecticut filled and Wisconsin wrapped. It's worse than a second. We don't sell a decent cigar for ten cents, because our trade is mostly transient and isn't worth holding. We have a fair ten-cent cigar at thirty-five cents or three for a dollar."—Exchange.

AN ANECDOTE OF KING OSCAR

Once the King was inspecting a class of young girls, who were naturally overcome by a visit from their sovereign.

"Can you tell me," asked King Oscar, "the names of the great kings of Sweden?"

"Gustavus Adolphus," answered one girl.

"Charles XII.," responded another.

"Oscar II.," stammered the smallest, who was something of a courtier in her way.

The King, much amused, went up to her and asked her to tell him of the great events of his reign. The child blushed, hesitated, and finally, in tears, murmured:

"I don't know any."

The King, smiling, stroked the child's hair and said:

"Don't cry, dear! I don't know any myself."—Washington Star.

PLAYWRIGHT: Is her acting natural?

MANAGER (enthusiastically): Natural? Why, when she appeared as the dying mother last night an insurance agent who has her life insured for five thousand pounds, and who was in the audience, actually fainted.—Tü-Bits.



"WITH ONE EXCEPTION, EVERYTHING I'VE PUT MONEY INTO HAS GONE UP IN THE AIR."

"WHAT WAS THE EXCEPTION?"

"AN AIR-SHIP."

SCENE: The links of a certain well-known golf club not a hundred miles from Watford.

A mixed foursome, all bridge players, was going round. One of the couples consisted of a somewhat irritable doctor and a very indifferent lady player.

The doctor's partner had done everything wrong possible. The culminating point was reached when driving from eighth tee the fair damsel pulled her drive in the most approved "Hirst" fashion. The ball lay about two feet off a very high bunker. The lady, however, without a moment's hesitation, took her brassie and, for once getting a really good hit, sent the ball about six feet into the bunker.

Her partner, with a sweet smile, turned and said: "Having no spade, partner?"—Sporting Times.

QUITE CREDIBLE

Seven-year-old Frank had just returned from a rehearsal of Christmas music to be rendered at the Sunday-school.

"Mamma," he cried, "we learned such a beautiful carol to-day. It began, 'Shout the glad tidings, exhausted we sing!'"

And his tired mamma, who had just finished a round of Christmas shopping, failed to see anything incorrect in her son's statement.—Lippincott's.

OFFICERS of the suspended New York banks are now pretty safe from arrest. Jerome has announced that he will investigate.

—Philadelphia North American.

THE PRESENTS OF YESTERYEAR

Again we try, as we tried before,

To give each person a thing to prize;

Again we plan, as we planned of yore,
For sweet remembrance of friendship's ties.

Our purses then were of goodly size.

We gave and took with a heart of cheer;

But times have altered. Who may surmise

Where are the presents of yesteryear?

That thingumbob that we never wore—

Safe wrapped in the bureau drawer it lies.

If passed to Kate it will fix her score,

And Mabel's gift to Eliza flies;

Its use would certainly stump the wise,

But on it goes with never a fear.

The list grows shorter. Who may surmise

Where are the presents of yesteryear?

Fresh as the day that it left the store

The Jones's gift to the Browns applies;

We send the stuff from the folks next door

To gladden our aunt's far distant eyes.

The need of grace to the heavens cries,

Jess fills the gap and our list is clear.

May never they meet beneath the skies!

Where are the presents of yesteryear?

Kris Kringle, ride in your merry guise

To scatter our tokens far and near,

And do not blab should the question rise,

Where are the presents of yesteryear.

—New York Sun.

OUTSPOKEN

A French marquise whose country house is crowded with guests during the hunting season hit upon the original idea of placing a register at the disposal of her visitors, in which to record their desires and criticisms. The pages of the notebook soon began to be covered with notes such as:

"Count de R— still owes twenty-five louis; he knows whom."

"The green peas yesterday were burned."

"Baroness M— flirts; unfortunately, not with me."

The marquise has withdrawn the register.—Cri de Paris.

A REAL ESTATE firm had lots for sale in a new suburban addition. The young, enthusiastic member was writing the advertisement, eloquence flowing from his pen. He was intending purchasers to seize the passing moment.

"Napoleon not only met the opportunity, he created it!"

The senior partner read this line in the advertisement sheet and carefully.

"This fellow Napoleon," he observed, quizzically: "what the use of advertising him with our money?"—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

KIPLING AND "MOTHER GOOSE"

According to Percy French, a London entertainer "whose sense of humor and whose humor is artistic," this is the way Rudyard Kipling would have written "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep":

THE SONG OF THE BLACK SHEEP

And this is the song of the black sheep,

And the song of the white sheep, too;

And the auk, and the armadillo,

And the crocodile knows it's true:

"Have I wool?" said the baa, baa, black sheep,

"You ask me have I wool!

When I yield each year to the shepherd's shear

As much as three bags full!

Have I wool?" said the baa, baa, black sheep;

"It is found in the sailor's socks,

Retaining their heat through the driving sleet

And the gale of the equinox!"

THOSE who have regretted the disappearance of the marionette form of entertainment will be interested in its reappearance in Russia, where, however, it is called the Duma.—Black and White.

AT THE GAME

HE (pointing on field): That's Green over there. In a few weeks he will be our best man.

SHE: Oh, Charlie, this is so sudden!—Princeton Tiger.

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A room without pictures is like a room without windows.—RUSKIN

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WE'VE GOT TO PUT A RAILROAD THROUGH HERE."

After Gordon Grant
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HER CHOICE

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But some heart-strings
Are closest linked
With simplest things."

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HER LITTLE PRAYER

Former Comptroller Edward M. Grout, of New York City, tells a pretty little Christmas story.

He said that a little girl relative of his was visiting her grandmother on Thanksgiving Day. Already the child had begun to speculate on what Santa Claus was to bring her at Christmas time, and, as children—especially girls—will do when they are at the home of an indulgent friend, she began to rummage through closets and drawers.

In the course of her investigation she came upon a brand-new white muff. It was the very thing she had wanted, and she knew that Santa Claus's chief purchasing agent—grandma—had obtained it for her.

Taxed with it, grandma admitted the truth.

"But," she said, "you must forget all about it until Christmas Day."

That night as she was being put to bed the child astonished her mother by adding this to her evening prayer:

"Please, God, make me forget all about the little white muff Santa Claus is to bring."—*New York Times*.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South.—*Booklet*.

THE WAITER EXPLAINS

He was one of the very few commercial travelers who cannot adapt themselves to their surroundings, and as a chronic hotel grumbler he is known from East to West. The waiter was possessed of an optimism unusual for one weighted with the responsibilities of his position and served the soup, fish and roast with equanimity and poise. At the dessert the traveling man waxed irritable and sarcastic.

"Look here," he said. "This pudding is on the bill of fare as 'ice-cream puddin' and there isn't any ice, nor is there any cream in it."

The waiter, in a tone of great patience, replied:

"That's all right, sir. There's nothing in names. If we serve you with Washington pie, it's no sign there's a picture of the Capitol on every piece, and when we bring you college fritters there isn't a term's tuition in advance thrown in. Any cheese with your pie, sir?"—*Columbus Dispatch*.

As to Round the World travel—

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KEEPS HIM MOVING

Secretary Taft doubtless wishes the President would allow him to remain in Washington long enough to become acquainted with the chief clerks in the War Department.—*Omaha Bee*.

STAGE MANAGER (at rehearsal): But you laughed in the death scene. You mustn't do that.

ACTOR: With the salary you give me, I can only greet death with joy.—*Meggendorfer Blatter*.

To break in new shoes, always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder, then patent leather can't crack.

THE CAUSE OF THE SMASH-UP

The old darky was suing the railroad company for damages. The man contended that, not being warned by the whistle or engine bell, he had started to drive his rig across the company's track, when a shunted box car of said company crashed into his outfit, causing the death of the horse, loss of the wagon and minor injuries to himself. After the prosecution had closed its side of the case, the company's lawyer called the old darky to the stand and went at him.

"Mr. Lamson," he began, "your rig was struck by the box car in full daylight, was it not?"

"I fink dar was some clouds ovahead, suh," answered the cavilling witness.

"Never mind the clouds! And only a few days before this accident the railroad company had put a new sign at that crossing?"

"Dar was a sign dar, ya-as, suh!"

"And didn't that sign say, 'Stop! Look! Listen?'"

"Now, dar am de whol' accusation ub de trouble!" declared the darky, with animation. "If dat stop sign hadn't caught dis chile's eye jes' 's Ah war squar' on dat track, dar wouldn't 'a' been no smash-up!"—*The Bohemian*.

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The Literary Zoo

A Misunderstood Woman

By JAMES L. FORD

Mrs. Warren, of London, Desires to Explain the Errors Into Which Some of Her New York Entertainers Have Fallen

TO THINK that with all my experience in the world, my visit to New York should have brought so many misunderstandings! Well, I may as well tell the story from the beginning and show that although the first mistake was mine, the others were not.

Jennie Gilfeather, an old acquaintance whom I met on the steamer, told me so much about the absurd American immigration laws, that I fully expected to be seized and deported as soon as my feet touched New York soil. You may judge, therefore, of my feelings when, as I came down the gangplank, I found myself in the hands of three smartly dressed women who were dragging me toward a big red auto car. Jennie had told me not to make any trouble in the event of unpleasantness, so I simply smiled upon my captors and suffered myself to be whirled through the streets to a house so gorgeous that I imagined it must have been furnished with the proceeds of those "raids" that Jennie Gilfeather was always talking about; and when I saw the Hon. Bertie Beldragon—many's the five-pound note Bertie has had from me in London—standing there with his usual grin, I naturally supposed that he had been nabbed, too, and asked him how soon we were to be had up before the beak.

"Hush!" he whispered; "you're at Mrs. Codway Clymer's, one of the Four Hundred."

"Is that all there are of us in New York?" I asked. "Well, surely, there should be plenty of business for all."

"You are an innocent," said Bertie. (It's a long while since any one called me that.) "Mrs. Clymer is a leader of the New York monde-beau monde, mark you."

It sounds like a dreadful mistake for one to make, but it's not surprising when you come to find out the number of people who are always getting married and then separating and afterward remarrying perfect strangers or old friends. At home, you know, we have only two classes of society—the quick and the dead—and in daylight, at least, they make the pretence of keeping apart.

Warned by this experience, I determined to be very careful, and so when I was entertained by a society called the

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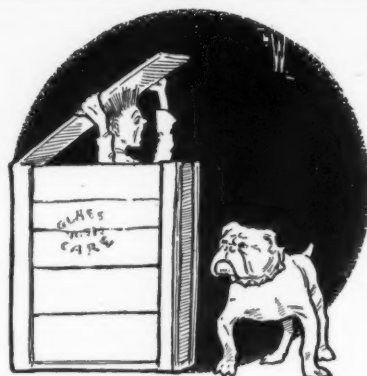


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"CLOSING THE CASE FOR THE DEFENSE"



Comb and Brush, which I recognized at once as both pious and respectable, I took pains to express my approval of the manner in which the Sunday laws were being enforced and to express my hearty disapproval of the infamous code which but recently had permitted people to attend concerts, to dine in restaurants with music, to play games and, in other ways to desecrate the Sabbath. When I thought of all that our rigid observance of Sunday has done for us at home, my heart warmed toward those noble men and women who were trying to make the New York Sunday as dull as that of London. So I delivered a stirring address on the text, "Close up everything and we'll do the rest."

I found out afterward that some of the Combs and Brushes did not quite understand me and that others were not in sympathy with my ideas, but, after all, they were an odd-looking company, and so queerly dressed and had such small hands and feet and moved so easily and had such striking hats, that one could scarcely expect common-sense from them.

My next queer experience was at a gathering called the Puritan Mothers' Meeting, which was still more remarkable in point of dress and the age of the women present. I suppose they were all mothers, but several of them were what we should call at home, "flappers." They all looked respectable, and certainly Providence never intended them for anything else. Nearly every one to whom I was introduced took me to be one of the Mothers and asked me to address the meeting, and I certainly thought that I was doing the proper thing when I told them that I had been even more than a mother myself to hundreds of young men at home, and that there were no persons in whom I took a deeper interest than young men and young women and that I always stood ready to pay their fines when called upon.

It was really very annoying after I had taken the trouble to make this very flattering and conciliatory little speech, to find myself attacked in newspaper interviews by several of the Puritan Mothers

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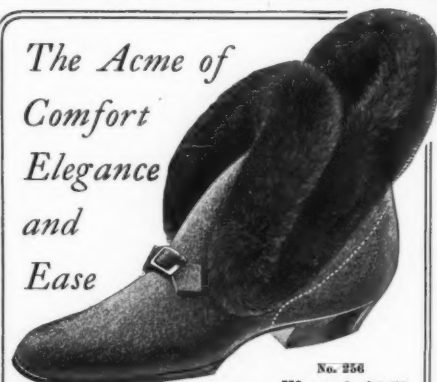
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just as I had been by the Brushes and Combs. Thereupon I determined to make no more speeches, but when I received an invitation from one of the most famous and uplifting of American societies, I felt that it would be impossible for me to go astray and that I might even redeem myself in the eyes of the American public from previous misunderstandings, and in order to be quite sure of myself I took great pains to prepare a short address, which I committed to memory and delivered in the presence of the leading members of the association. I told them that our great sisterhood had watched with the deepest interest and the most complete approval their noble efforts to do away with the army canteen, and that long before starting for America we had felt that they deserved some public recognition for all that they had done for us. I told them that in England we had generally suffered rather than benefitted from the efforts of societies like theirs, and in closing I assured them that if they would come to London and use their influence with our Government as successfully as they had with their own, they would win the lasting love and gratitude of old-fashioned women like myself the whole country over.

And would you believe it possible that the members of that great temperance society actually found fault with what I said?

Of the Making of Books

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R. B.

A Substitute

"YOU'RE rather a young man to be left in charge of a drug store," said the fussy old gentleman. "Have you any diploma?" "Why-er-no, sir," replied the drug clerk, "but we have a preparation of our own that's just as good."—Philadelphia Press.



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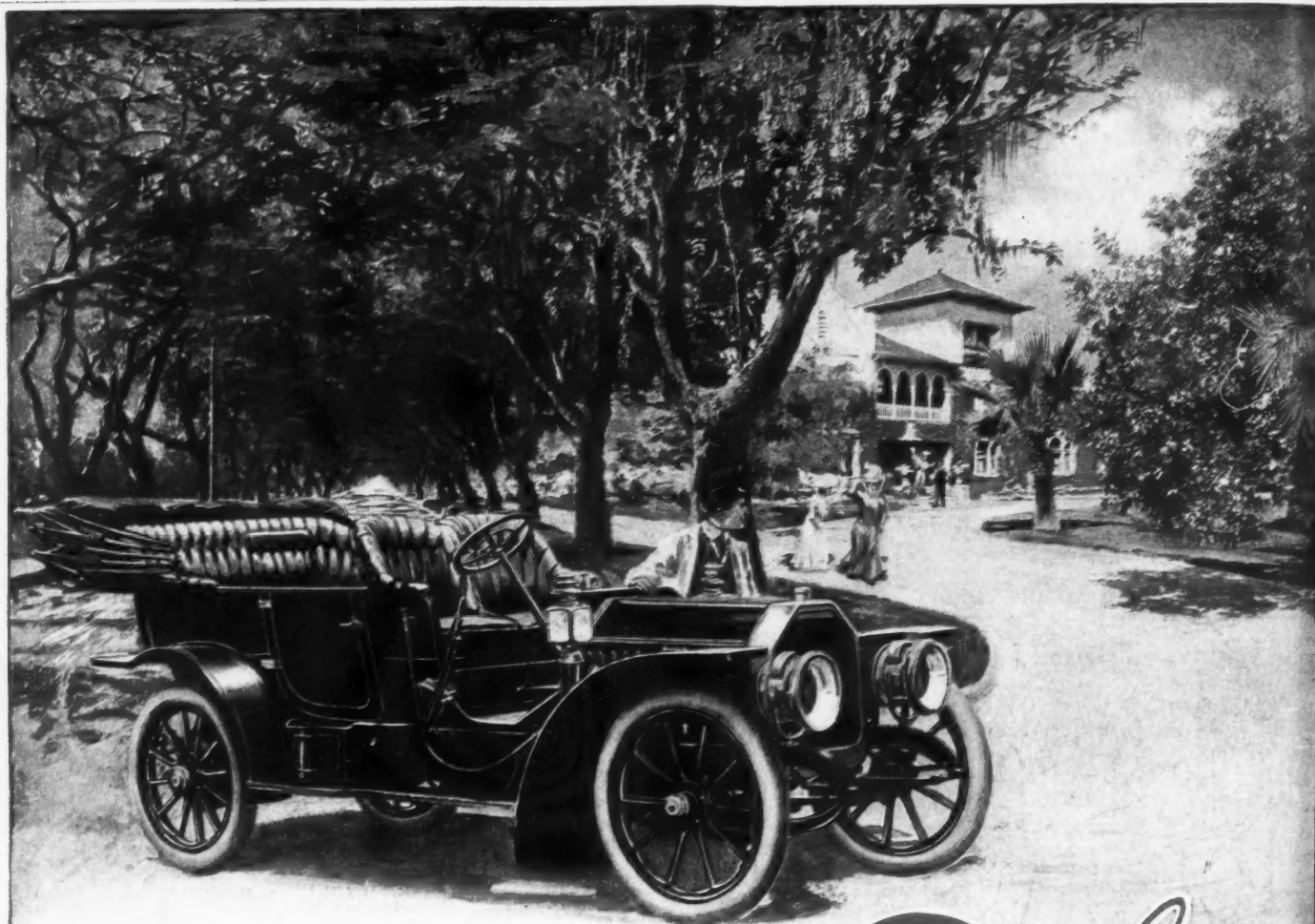
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